put your aching teeth to good use, my dear

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put your aching teeth to good use, my dear

by wormsin

Summary

alternate a/b/o ending to Fromage. when Will sees Hannibal in his office, bloody but alive, he goes into a feral rut. Hannibal tries to pacify him.

Notes

this is going to be 2 or 3 parts. I wrote it all and then realized I wanted to go a different direction with it, so let the rewriting being!

I told myself I would never write a/b/o, which is as good as a promise that i would give in eventually. what's not to love about feral states, sex pollen, fuck or die, and self-lubricating asses? (the pregnancy, I'll do without.)

omegas are intersex and variously fertile, no psychic bonds, bonds can fade and break.

enjoy the sin!!! and say hi on tumblr or twitter.

Chapter 1

Of all his aches, the one scratching at the base of his skull is the most pronounced. Hannibal can manage pain — the ache on his forearm from where the piano wire bit down, the throb of the stab wound in his thigh (no major artery punctured), these are aches Hannibal has no issue enduring. Even the smell of Franklyn and Tobias Budge's corpses stiffening on his carpet he easily ignores, even as the bitter rot of the alpha's pheromones burn the roof of his mouth. But this itch, this instinct, has the hairs up on the back of his neck.

The thrill of a kill has never been so wrought with anxiety.

Hannibal plays a few notes of an aria on the piano and tells himself he cannot regret his actions. If Will Graham was bested by Budge, then he was not worthy of Hannibal's attentions. He knows this is a self-deception. As soon as Tobias stepped into his office, Hannibal found the possibility of losing Will to be intolerable. So much so that he became petty, taking Franklyn from Tobias. Will inspires him to rudeness.

The police, paramedics, and CSI arrive. Hannibal calmly gives his statement. He allows the paramedics to tend to him, informing them that he was a doctor, and being as cooperative a patient as he can with the itch spreading along his skull. Hannibal cannot tell what emotion he displays beyond his calm veneer, but his eyes are damp and his throat aches. Convenient for maintaining his so-called person suit.

Jack Crawford walks through his office door, and the scratching spreads to his jaw. Their eyes meet, and for one uncomfortable moment, Hannibal believes Jack's face will fall into the countenance of loss and confirm Hannibal's suspicions.

And then Will Graham enters the office behind Jack.

The sight of him hits Hannibal square in the chest. The itch of his bones melts into warmth, and he lifts his chin, elongating his neck. Will is alive. Hannibal has to suppress a purr.

Will's eyes snap to the corpses on the floor and drift over the crime scene, starting to gather the pieces. Then, suddenly, his eyes are on Hannibal. Will stops in his tracks. His eyes burn, swiftly eclipsed by black; he squares his feet, tenses from head to toe, and growls. The entire room freezes at the sound, and Hannibal feels it grip him by the spine. *Oh, dearest Will.*

Everything happens very quickly after that, but Hannibal is still riding on the high of instinct and sees it all play out like a ballet. Jack reacts swiftly — he understands what is happening before anyone else, and goes for the scruff of Will's neck. He grabs the collar of Will's shirt as he prepares to pounce. Will changes his coiled momentum and elbow's Jack in the face, getting free, and then he is leaping across the room towards Hannibal.

The letter opener is right there. Hannibal can easily defend himself. With the momentum Will is generating to leap over the desk, all Hannibal has to do is hold the small blade in the right position to kill or maim. He does not consider implementing that option. Will is suddenly a rabid, snarling force of instinct and Hannibal relaxes throughout his entire body.

Will's scent hits Hannibal before he does.

The paramedics near him scatter as Will throws Hannibal out of the chair, and pins him to the floor just as quickly. Hannibal doesn't struggle, because to do so would injure both of them. He lets Will press him onto his stomach with a hard grip on the back of his neck, covering Hannibal as much as he can. Hannibal can feel the heat radiating off him, dangerously feverish, and imagines Will's scent sinking down into his pores. It's fire and autumn and salt water all at once, the dry tang of pomegranate flesh that makes Hannibal hunger for the seeds. The smell is a liquid caress down his spine, and Will's growl grips his neck as sure as his hand.

And, in case Hannibal had any reason to doubt, Will's erection is filling out against the small of his back.

Will didn't go into rut when he killed Garret Jacob Hobbs. Maybe it is a protective trigger — now Will feels, subconsciously at least, that Hannibal is part of his pack, and since he has been threatened Will must reclaim and protect him. It's inconvenient that so many people are around. Will is snarling and hissing at everyone in the office, too gone to even speak though everything about his body languages screams 'stay back'. Hannibal hears people vacating the room while Jack tries to talk Will down.

"Will," Jack says evenly, voice full of power even though he doesn't shout. "Calm down. Let Dr. Lecter go."

It won't work. Jack is the competing alpha in this room. Hannibal is curious to see if Will would attack Jack, so he doesn't interfere. Jack sees Will as an inferior alpha who submits to him, a fragile teacup that needs guidance from the pack leader.

Hannibal could pur, or try to speak to Will to tell him he is alright. He doesn't. Will lowers himself completely on Hannibal, growling in his ear. Ready to pounce and defend what's his.

Jack steps forward, attempting to to bend Will to his power. "Will Graham," he says more firmly. "Release him. That's an order!"

Will makes a low sound. It's deeper than his previous growls, a true animal noise, and Hannibal shivers all over. Hannibal doesn't doubt that Will would rip Jack's throat out if he steps any closer. The thought makes him purr, just slightly. How he would love to see Will soaked in Jack's blood.

From where his face is pressed against the floor, Hannibal cannot see what is happening, but Will shifts his other arm, there is movement all throughout the room, and Jack shouts, "Drop the weapon!"

Ah. Will's gun. That could be a problem.

"I'm alright Jack," Hannibal says clearly and quickly. "Don't provoke him."

"I'm not leaving you two," Jack snaps.

“That would probably be unwise, given the circumstance.” Hannibal cranes his head to one side, trying to catch Will’s eye, and bares more of his neck. It’s difficult with the grip Will has on him. “Will. I’m safe. Everything is okay now.” He tries to sound reassuring and calm. “They won’t take me from you.”

“Hannibal.” Will’s voice is low and wrecked by his ear. His cock is pushed hard into Hannibal’s backside, though his hips are still due to the active threat in the room. It occurs to Hannibal that this is the first time Will has used his first name — and is immensely pleased.

“Put the gun down, Will.”

He feels and hears Will obey, and then Will’s arm wraps around Hannibal’s stomach, pulling him to his knees and holding him to Will’s body like he can’t stand to have any inch of skin out of contact. He holds Hannibal as if he can fold him up inside his own body to keep safe. Hannibal feels around for the gun, and when he finds it he slides it under the desk.

“I think it’d be best if you and any other alphas left, Jack,” Hannibal says, and Will growls in displeasure at the name.

“Restrain him,” Jack says.

It’s the wrong move. Will shrieks, an awful sound like nails down a chalkboard, and hisses as the police close in. Hannibal is jostled as Will bears his teeth and tries with every fiber of his being to get the others to stand down; Hannibal hears the jolt of a taser and then Will is hauled off of him. The sudden cold against his back is unwelcome.

Hannibal sits up to see Will twitching on the floor, writhing against the three officers attempting to restrain him. Will gets another shock with the cattle prod and although Hannibal suppresses the snarl, his lip curls up over his teeth. They handcuff and collar Will, hooking two rods to the collar to keep him out of biting distance; but Will is still fighting, and Hannibal knows the only way to transport Will safely will be to tranquilize him.

And indeed, when it becomes obvious that Will will fight and injure himself against his captors, they inject him in the arm. It’s a shame to see him subdued; Will is a lovely, wild creature, and every instinct in Hannibal screams to free him. He wants to take the letter opener to Jack’s carotid artery, but he is not beholden to his instincts or desires. He revels in the way they hum under his skin and his teeth.

Jack offers Hannibal his hand. He does not take it, and stands up on his own though his thigh bothers him. It will be disadvantageous to have Jack’s scent on his skin. “What do you plan on doing with him?” Hannibal asks, smoothing his clothes and checking himself for further injuries.

“Get him someplace he can’t hurt anyone,” Jack replies. “Try to calm him down.”

Jack’s doubt is apparent. A rut in someone as unstable as Will could be disastrous. “Will needs to be pacified,” Hannibal says, eyeing the man struggling vainly on the floor as the fight bleeds out of him. “Restraint and separation will exacerbate the issue.” He speaks in passive terms, though they both know that Will needs Hannibal.

“I won’t apologize for getting him off you,” Jack says.

“Will won’t hurt me,” Hannibal says. “His instincts are to protect.”

“And claim,” Jack argues. “He’s in rut, Dr. Lecter. He would have forced you to mate, even bond.”

It may be true. Hannibal is sure, despite his status as omega, that he could well defend himself from Will’s advances. He adjusts the collar of his shirt, a feign for Jack of self-consciousness. Will has fallen unconscious near the two men Hannibal recently killed. Jack instructs them to escort him back to Quantico, where there are facilities for holding aggressive alphas.

“You’ve been through a lot tonight,” Jack says to Hannibal, worry steeled by determination. “Maybe Alana can calm him down.”

“We both know that won’t work,” Hannibal says, watching the paramedics strap Will to a gurney and ignoring the bile in his mouth. “I can handle him, Jack. He needs my help.”

Hannibal stands behind the one-way mirror observing Will. To Jack, Alana, and the others, it may seem like he is steeling himself for an uncomfortable and trying experience. In actuality, he is savoring the image of Will in his confinement, like he would a fine wine.

Will is on his back in the corner, arms confined in a straight jacket and plastic muzzle strapped to his head. The skin between the ridge of the muzzle and his eyes is streaked with tears, and each breath is a harsh whine. Hannibal wonders if he has already hyperventilated to unconsciousness, only to wake up and start the cycle again. Will’s hair is plastered to his face, and he is flushed and shaking, his erection straining against the confines of his pants. It looks painful. His hips twitch up, seeking. After a few minutes, Will rolls into his stomach and grinds against the floor with a loud sob.

He’s beautiful. He’s perfect. Hannibal perhaps loves Will best when he is in extremes, desperate and uninhibited.

Alpha ruts are most commonly triggered by an omega’s heat, and sated through mating. Ruts are not only a breeding instinct, but a show of dominance and ownership; the pheromones produced warn off other alphas and can comfort the pack. Alphas can also go into rut when competing for dominance. In this case, Will went into rut from a threat to his pack. It was not triggered from the fight with Tobias — it hit when Will saw Hannibal.

Will can not eliminate the threat because Hannibal already has. He was deprived of the opportunity to comfort and assert his protection of Hannibal. He likely feels defeated. This is further complicated by the fact that he and Hannibal are not mates, even if Will’s body thinks otherwise.

“We will require some privacy,” Hannibal says to the room.

“I have to be able to keep you safe,” Jack says, predictably. “I can’t do that if I don’t know what’s happening in there.”

“I am going to pacify him with whatever tools I feel comfortable using,” Hannibal replies curtly. “There is not much he can do to me in his current state.”

Jack doesn’t look happy, but there are few options. Hannibal looks to Alana for support. “We’ll be right outside the door,” Alana says to both of them. “For accountability reasons, it would be best if there was at least an audio recording of what transpires. In case something goes wrong.”

Hannibal would much rather complete privacy, but he gives her a nod.

“Have you considered the possibility that Will could send you into a heat?” Alana asks, brow furrowing.

“I’m not on suppressants,” Hannibal answers. “It’s possible, but unlikely.” At his age, his heats are infrequent.

“Just in case—" Jack hands Hannibal a small remote button. “Press it in an emergency.”

Hannibal slips it into his pocket. They all exit the observation room. Hannibal gets Alana’s attention and they step to the side.

“I would greatly appreciate your discretion, Alana,” Hannibal says, appealing to her sense of friendship. “I am confident in my ability to handle Will and placate him. I would have preferred to do so in privacy, without use of restraints or force.”

Alana gives him a long look. At first Hannibal thinks she does not believe his assessment of his own abilities, that as the omega he must be the vulnerable one in the situation. Then, she gives a little sigh. “I also thought I could maintain boundaries with Will,” she says. “I hope you have better luck than I. Be careful, Hannibal.”

Luck has nothing to do with it. It hasn’t yet been two days since she and Will kissed, and Hannibal wonders if Will would go into rut if she were similarly threatened. If he subconsciously considers her to be pack as well. He likes to think it unlikely.

“Call to us if you need anything,” Jack says.

“Some water to start, I think,” Hannibal says. “And an oxygen tank.”

Hannibal has never used suppressants. While heats as an unmated omega have been an inconvenience in his life, he would never suppress his instincts. Whereas other omegas may

instinctually submit, defer, and demure to survive, Hannibal's nurturing and self-preservation instincts have been honed to a deadly blade. From Hannibal's own experience and research, the psychology of the sexes is fundamentally misunderstood and skewed by sexist nurturing. An omega protecting their young is just as dangerous as an alpha. That omegas are underrepresented in violent behavior statistics is a boon to Hannibal's alibi.

Hannibal's home is his mind, and his pack is his body. He is self-contained.

Will and Hannibal have always known each other's sex. The dynamic between them has been an unspoken undercurrent to their interactions. Hannibal is unmated by choice, Will by circumstance. Will has always thought of himself as an unsuitable alpha, though he desperately wants to belong and have a family. They have sparred with words, but Will has not tried to dominate Hannibal, and Hannibal has not demurred to him. They are familiar with each other's scents, and have both scent-marked each other's spaces.

It's not a courtship in the traditional sense, but it is *something* .

When Hannibal enters the room, two things occur: he is hit with Will's overwhelming scent again, and Will let's out a desperate moan. The door is shut and locked behind him, and Hannibal sets down the water bottle and oxygen tank and rebreather before Will can knock them from his hands.

"I'm here, Will," Hannibal says gently as Will struggles to his feet. He has to push off the wall without use of his arms, and gasps when he sees Hannibal. His eyes are still dark and red around the edges from crying, looking like he can't believe that Hannibal is real.

"H-Hannibal," Will chokes out desperately. Hannibal is pleased that he uses his name instead of referring to him as 'omega' as Tobias had.

Will stumbles forward and Hannibal catches him in his arms. Will cries out at the contact, beginning to sob as he buries his face in Hannibal's neck. The muzzle prevents him from scenting and tasting as he'd like, and Will lets out a grunt of frustration. He's a feral thing of anxiety and need, thrusting against Hannibal's leg and trying to get as close as possible.

Hannibal runs a hand through Will's hair as he squirms against him. "Will. You're in a rut. Do you understand?" When Will doesn't respond and continues to let out distressed whines, Hannibal lifts his arm and pulls Will's face to his armpit. It's inelegant, but efficient. Will takes in a huge breath of his musk and shudders with relief; somewhere in his animal brain it has registered that Hannibal is actually here with him. Mixing their scents in this room will help calm Will.

"I'm here with you," Hannibal tells him. "And I will stay with you as long as it takes to get you back."

Will sobs again, pushing up into Hannibal's armpit awkwardly. His arms thrash in his straight jacket as he tries to hold Hannibal, push him to the ground and into mounting position. Hannibal grabs him by the hair and hauls Will up so he can get a good look at him. He's breathing a bit better but still seems in pain, is still rubbing himself against Hannibal like he needs it to survive.

Will's scent and desperation begin to sow arousal deep in Hannibal. His naval feels warm, down to his sacrum, like he might produce slick, and his teeth feel as if they are glowing. Hannibal wants, in a base and pure way, to be mounted and claimed; for Will to sob onto his back as he thrusts desperately inside. Truly, he wants the restraints gone. He's curious to see what Will would do.

Hannibal licks the skin under Will's eye, causing the man to moan. He tastes the exquisite blend of salt, fever, and pheromones, and cleans every inch of Will's face he can reach.

"Can you hear me, Will?" he asks, and sees Will struggle to speak or control himself.

"N-nnuh," Will mumbles incoherently, and tries to get at his neck again.

"Shh, shh," Hannibal hushed him, nuzzling against Will's damp hair. "Let me take care of you."

He needs Will more coherent to get him water. He doesn't have enough hands to keep Will still and deliver him more oxygen, so he'll have to regulate his breathing another way. Hannibal keeps one arm around Will's back and works his pants open with the other, Will panting and heaving against him. It's difficult with Will still grinding against him, but Hannibal manages to push his pants and boxers down and take his cock in hand.

Will is thick and wet and hot to the touch. Like many alphas he is more heavily endowed than betas, and a pulse of pleasure leaps down Hannibal's spine. Will growls desperately and thrusts up into Hannibal's tight fist. "Yes, just like that," Hannibal purrs. "Take what you need, let me help you."

Will is rough, pistoning into Hannibal's hand, driven by the primal instinct to mark and bond. Hannibal gets Will into his armpit again, and Will whines and shudders. It is quickly becoming one of Hannibal's favorite sounds. The scent of arousal kicks up; Hannibal can taste it on the roof of his mouth, and Will comes into his fist with a long, broken moan.

The suit is already ruined thanks to Tobias. He can't say he minds the addition of Will's semen to the blood. Hannibal strokes Will through his long, shuddering orgasm. When Will's legs start to give out, he's still erect, and rubs himself on Hannibal again.

Hannibal entertains several trains of thought at once.

The best way to end Will's rut would be to remove his restraints and let him manhandle and pin Hannibal, risking unprotected sex on the hard floor. If anyone is listening in, the sounds of mating will likely lead to interruption and agitating the rut again. Hannibal could tell Will that he doesn't wish to have penetrative sex here, and could likely calm him by other means.

Hannibal wants Will bound to him, dependent and blind until he is ready to see the truth of who they are. For the rest of Will's life, whenever he looks at anyone he will see that they are not Hannibal. That they cannot understand him. That they do not walk in the same reality as he and Hannibal, men striding through a sea of pigs. That is what Hannibal wants. He has not needed to seduce Will with something as base and unimaginative as his body; but now, if

Hannibal maneuvers correctly, they will bond. The risks and the rewards of a bond go hand in hand.

Lastly, and most profoundly, Will is beautiful like this. Hannibal wants to go to the other side of the room and watch Will crawl on his stomach to him, growling and straining at his bonds. Hannibal wants to see him fight desperately to touch him; wants the war of his instinct and sense of self to get bloody, for his morality to sink in its unsteady mire. Will is all wound up, and Hannibal wants to watch him *go* .

"Hannibal," Will growls, mask fogged by his breath. His gaze is fierce and near-monstrous, ready to devour.

Hannibal lifts his chin, bearing more of his neck with a purr, and grabs the straps at the back of the mask.

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

well this gets a little messy.

“I’m going to remove your restraints now.”

Will responds with a pleased and ardent growl, rubbing the muzzle against Hannibal’s neck. He isn’t cognizant enough to form words, and clearly not in control of himself in the pedestrian sense of the word. Hannibal tries to turn Will around to get to the straps but either Will doesn’t understand or he won’t have it, so Hannibal resigns himself to dealing with the straight jacket while they are facing. Will is still hard, though Hannibal has put him back in his awful pants. One strap is undone, then another, and then Hannibal is unwinding the stiff fabric from where it binds Will’s arms to his chest.

This is the most dangerous route for Hannibal, and also the simplest. He is resetting them more or less to how they were in his office, without corpses and cops in the way. Hannibal could manipulate this situation in a number of ways, but he wants to know what would have happened if Will had found him alone.

His curiosity with Will has always been dangerous.

It is not impossible to control one’s actions during a heat or rut, though Will’s mental state was already vulnerable. An alpha in rut could easily hurt an unwilling omega, though both have the tools to gentle the other in that state. Hannibal would not be bothered if Will penetrated him, even roughly, though a bonding bite could prove inconvenient. And Hannibal does not want to be given one when Will can barely think. If Will thinks Hannibal was unwilling, the shame that will follow could drive them apart.

Will’s arms thrash in the loosened straight jacket, and Hannibal hushes him so he can pull it over his head. In his rush to get free Will stumbles back a few steps, and he moans in relief, tearing at the mask with his hands, a wild thing of nails and teeth. He starts snarling when he can’t get it undone.

“Allow me,” Hannibal says, stepping forward. He pulls Will’s hands aside and works at the buckle, but Will shakes his head like a dog and tries to pull the mask free again. “Will, stay

still," Hannibal says firmly, and gets a fistful of his hair. The tug makes Will whine, but he stills long enough for Hannibal to get the strap free.

The mask clatters to the ground. It has left a red indentation along Will's face, irritated where tears have gathered and skin has pulled. Will's lips are bitten and bruised, and his jaws snap several times with flashes of teeth, tasting his freedom. Will rolls his neck once and then looks at Hannibal.

It's the same predatory, ravenous look Will had for him in the office, and Hannibal becomes hyper aware, as he did with the fight with Tobias. He sees every minute shift of Will's form as he gears up to pounce, careful not to startle Hannibal. His shoulders square back, his feet brace and knees bend. Hannibal too shifts, ready to run or fight back, though there is no where to flee or hide. Will rumbles low in his chest, gentling with an edge of warning.

Will takes a step forward.

Hannibal takes a step back, and there is a flash of hurt in Will's eyes, fear of rejection that is quickly replaced by the need to claim. Hannibal walks backwards, and after a moment Will stalks forward, both slow. Their eyes are locked, neither giving a sign of weakness or distraction, two predators circling each other before the attack. Will's nostrils flare and Hannibal scents them both in the room, adrenaline mixing with arousal, hot on the roof of his mouth.

Will growls, a full warning this time — submit or else. Hannibal smiles with teeth.

Catch me if you can, darling.

Will pounces. Hannibal dodges out of the way easily, light on his feet. In another life he would be a dancer. Will comes around again and grabs for him, but Hannibal is quicker, and Will snaps his teeth with a growl. They stalk each other again, and when Will springs it's a full on chase.

Hannibal nearly has the advantage; Will is ragged with exhaustion and Hannibal is more experienced. But his leg is injured, and Will wants it more. It's not a full fight and Hannibal keeps his palms open, breaking Will's grips and pushing him away, riling Will up by refusing to heed his growls. Finally, Will headbutts him in the sternum and Hannibal hits the wall, then Will's teeth are in his bicep and his hand is in Hannibal's hair.

The pain makes him gasp. It makes him want to really fight, but he doesn't. Will presses his advantage and takes Hannibal to the ground, pinning him with his body, one hand on

Hannibal's wrist and the other tight on the back of his neck. Will growls something that sounds like, "Down," and Hannibal gives a whimper or submission.

He could still fight, if he wished. But Will has his hand on one of the most sensitive and vulnerable parts of his body — his neck. And Hannibal is still an omega. His body reacts like a kitten with their scruff in their mother's neck. The grip squeezes on his arteries and restricts the flow of blood to his head, a warm and heavenly feeling, not yet enough to constrict his breath. Will gets his teeth on Hannibal's ear, a warning: struggle and I'll have to bite.

"Will," Hannibal breathes, warmth flooding him.

Will purrs loudly, and rolls his hips into Hannibal's ass. The ground is cold and hard beneath him, digging into his hip bones, and Hannibal places his free hand under his head as a buffer. Will just ruts against him for now, cock dragging over the swell of his ass, and licks and nips at the skin by Hannibal's ear and jaw, anywhere he can get with his hand covering the back of his neck. He envelopes Hannibal, soaks him in his heat and scent.

As Will gets rougher, Hannibal winces minutely as his hips dig into the floor, bruising. Will stills and lets out a questioning sound, hand loosening on Hannibal's neck and petting there. "Hard floor," Hannibal explains, surprised that Will noticed his discomfort in this state. Though perhaps it's not so surprising. Will is always attuned to others, and his empathy may be heightened by his rut.

Will pulls Hannibal's hips up, into the more comfortable mounting position. His hands are soothing but strong as he rubs Hannibal's back and grabs both of his shoulders, giving himself leverage to thrust freely. Hannibal gasps — the pistoning of his hips and cock is brutal, but the way he holds Hannibal ensures he's not hurt against the floor. He feels all the impact on his ass, and everything goes white behind his eyes. When his back twinges in pain from being bent and compressed, Will adjusts him to his hands and knees and continues.

It feels good. Hannibal feels the stir and glide of pleasure deep within, like molten gold, like mercury, and soon his cock is full and his ass clenches with the production of slick. Will's heaving grunts turn ragged and loud — he smells it, and Hannibal swallows against a moan.

Will grips Hannibal's neck again, squeezing with a grumble that Hannibal understands as 'stay'. He nods, letting out a soft purr to assure Will he's alright. Then Will scoots back and buries his face between Hannibal's cheeks.

Hannibal shivers head to toe, and he feels a fresh wave of slick production. Will doesn't try to remove his pants and Hannibal isn't sure why, he just licks the fabric over his hole and drags his nose up and down. He's producing copious amounts of saliva due to his rut, and mouths

at Hannibal like if he does it enough he will be able to freely taste him. It's inadvertently teasing, not enough direct stimulation to sate Hannibal, but Will is at it like he could do this his whole life. Pleased growls and moans escape the press of Will's lips on him, and he is constantly purring.

"That's it, Will," Hannibal says, a little breathless. "I'm alright."

"Mine," he thinks he hears Will say, and he bites his ass gently. He can feel the drag of Will's tongue through the soaked fabric, lapping steadily, and it's too much and not enough. Will holds his hips still, devouring him.

"Are you going to mate with me?" Hannibal asks, looking over his shoulder. Will's head continues to bob, and all Hannibal can see are dark curls and the grip of his fingers high on his thighs. Then Will rests his forehead against Hannibal and takes several deep breaths.

Will turns Hannibal and adjusts him until he's sitting against the wall, Will kneeling between his legs, hands bracing the wall and caging Hannibal in. Will puts his nose to Hannibal's neck and breathes deeply again, taking in lungfuls of his scent, then looks at Hannibal. His jaw and chin are slick, and though his eyes are predatory as they search Hannibal's, they are also more alert. There is a dark spot on the front of his trousers where his erection bulges.

"Are you here with me, Will?" Hannibal asks as he cups Will's face. He traces the lines from the mask, and a finger goes to Will's red lips.
Will takes the finger between his teeth lightly and gives a tiny nod.

"Can you speak?" Hannibal asks, drawing his finger back and stroking Will's cheek again.

Will swallows hard, brow furrowed. He lets out a small whine. "H-Hannibal," he says, jaw working and eyes blinking hard.

"It's okay. You don't have to speak," Hannibal says. His verbal processing is impaired, but that doesn't mean he's not aware. "You're in rut, do you understand?"

Will gives an amused huff, and nods.

"Very good," Hannibal says fondly, and runs a hand through Will's hair. He loves the way Will bends towards the touch. "We'll get you calmed down, and it will pass."

Will nods and bends forward to nuzzle Hannibal's neck. One of his hands comes up to the other side of his neck, squeezing gently, and he licks Hannibal's skin with reverence. Hannibal tries to relax but it is a vulnerable position to be in, and Will senses his tension. He purrs and moves away from the spot, squeezing the back of Hannibal's neck to comfort him. Will is an unusual combination of violent and gentle, out of control and yet in tune with Hannibal's comfort, as if Hannibal's needs are also his own. "You can lick me, just don't bite," Hannibal says, and Will nods.
But instead, Will leans in and licks Hannibal's mouth.

It's not a kiss, not at all, but it's needy and intimate and Hannibal is momentarily frozen. Will's tongue is warm and so wet, tasting faintly of Hannibal's slick. He licks all over Hannibal's mouth, less like an enthusiastic dog and more like a cleaning cat, but more hungry. Will groans lewdly, and Hannibal's tongue darts out to taste the combination of them on his lips.

The mild flavor runs warm through his body. Hannibal parts his lips, and Will licks between them, tilting his head so he can taste inside. Hannibal cannot resist opening his mouth further, curious and warm with pleasure. Will licks deep into his mouth, and it's divine. He tongues Hannibal's teeth and strokes his tongue. There is something surprisingly erotic about remaining passive while Will uses his mouth, drawing out as much flavor as he can. Hannibal doesn't have to wonder how else Will would like to use him, and feels another stab of arousal.

Will whines and pulls back, and Hannibal sees his jaw clench. It looks like he's restraining himself. His eyes are full of apology, the edge of blue bright against his dark pupil. "You have nothing to apologize for," Hannibal says with a hand in Will's wild hair. Will closes his eyes, pained. "This is a biological response to a traumatic event, Will."

Will sucks air between his teeth and shakes his head. Unformed words are crushed between his teeth in a mournful sound, and he sobs once and shudders, fighting to keep himself from crying outright. There is a great force within him, clawing at his skin, and Will's hands come to Hannibal's shoulders, gripping hard. It's as much to keep himself back as to hold Hannibal near. Hannibal watches him struggle, the clench of his jaw and grind of his teeth, the veins of his beautiful neck.

Will's eyes open to look over Hannibal, nostrils flaring. He picks up on some scent and growls darkly, eyes snapping to Hannibal's thigh, where the stab wound is. Will puts a hand on Hannibal's throat and pushes gently against the wall -- don't move.

Hannibal sits straight and watches Will bend down, sniffing and investigating the wound. It has already been taken care of, and there is a bandage beneath his trousers. "He stabbed me

with the letter opener," Hannibal explains, and Will snarls in the back of his throat. The fabric there is punctured and there is a bit of blood, and Will opens his mouth wide.

He licks and sucks as if he can heal the wound, as if he's removing Tobias's touch. Will's hips stutter forward, his back arched beautifully. The taste of Hannibal's blood must be in his mouth. There's not enough of it there. Hannibal wonders what a mouthful of his blood would do to Will in this state.

"Ah — ahhh — mm." Pained and aroysed, Will sucks the blood from the damp fabric. It sounds like a word is stuck in his throat, a growl, a war cry. The force of Will's want has been steady enough for Hannibal to acclimate, but a wave of possessiveness hits him and suddenly everything is hot.

Will growls, angry at himself and Tobias.

"You're not to blame, Will," Hannibal says, even though if Will had bested Tobias, he would have never made it to Hannibal's office. Will did not know at the time that they were fighting over Hannibal, but he certainly feels that way now. In his mind, Tobias was close to taking Hannibal from him.

Will opens Hannibal's legs wide with both hands and bites the flesh of his inner thigh. It's a tame bite, just a moment of sharp sensation, but it strikes Hannibal like a perfect chord and he feels slick run between his legs. A soft gasp escapes his lips before he can prevent it, and Will mouths and sucks at the junction of his thigh and groin, mewling in pleasure.

He mouths Hannibal's hard cock through the trousers, rubbing tongue and lips over him. Will works just as hard to soak the front of his pants with spit, working Hannibal up for the chance to smell and taste his precome. The pressure between Will's sucking mouth and the confines of fabric is a gentle torture, and it's oh so gratifying to see Will so desperate for his cock and slick. He runs a hand through Will's messy curls. He's supposed to be calming Will down from his rut, but he can have that pretty mouth on him directly.

"Do you want my cock, sweet boy?" Hannibal asks. Will groans and nods his head, looking up through his dark lashes. The idea that Will needs his cock and slick to heal from his rut is danger to his already massive ego, not that Hannibal cares. He tilts up Will's damp chin to get a better look at him. "You don't want anyone else now," Hannibal says. "You rutted for me. No one could handle you in all your primal beauty; not like I can."

Will growls in ascent.

Hannibal lifts his chin, exposing more of his neck but also giving Will a haughty expression. “You wouldn’t prefer Alana, would you?”

There is a flash of hurt and shame, then Will’s eyes narrow in fury. “No,” he growls, and rises to stare inches from Hannibal’s face. He’s fairly sure that Alana would look away from Will’s piercing gaze, but he doesn’t. “Mine,” Will hisses.

“You’d lay claim to me then,” Hannibal says, unbuttoning his trousers and sliding the zipper down. Will’s eyes flick there at the noise, and his jaw goes lax as he pants. “In some ways, we already belong to each other, don’t we?”

“Hannibal,” Will groans, eyes wide as Hannibal frees his cock. He descends at once, swallowing Hannibal into his slick mouth. Will is ravenous, sucking him hard and taking him deep at once, moaning like a man starved. Hannibal fits entirely in his mouth, but when Will presses his face to Hannibal’s pelvis he feels the opening of Will’s throat clench and open on his cockhead.

“Ahahh, Will,” Hannibal gasps, grip hard on Will’s arms where they wrap around his hips. Will bobs up and down his cock, saliva oozing down his chin, lips bright red against his pale skin to match the line from the mask. He draws soft grunts of pleasure from Hannibal, and soon he is rolling his hips to chase the pleasure Will is dedicated to bringing him.

“Do you want to taste me?” Hannibal asks, voice thick. It’s the last coherent thing he can say. Will purrs on his cock and Hannibal feels the vibrations all through his core, a rush of hot liquid, and Will sucks the orgasm out of him.

Hannibal’s legs tremble, and slick runs freely between his cheeks, drenching his pants. In the aftershocks, everything is still so warm, and Hannibal has to push Will’s mouth away when he gets oversensitive. Will’s damp eyes are beautiful, his gaze adoring and possessive. He sits up and takes his own cock in both hands, stroking himself furiously over Hannibal — to mark him. Hannibal watches entranced as Will squeezes the base where his knot starts to swell, the other hand squeezing furiously over the tip.

Will cries out in feral triumph and spills himself on Hannibal, thick ropes of come landing on his cock and bunched up shirt. His eyes roll in bliss, and he touches himself like he’s trying to wring out every last drop.

Will collapses on Hannibal, exhausted. He straddles Hannibal with a wide stance, caging him against the wall, and purrs constantly. Hannibal has to close his eyes, and when he does his senses are filled only by Will, the spicy sweet scent of his rut, the weight of his embrace, the tempo of his breath. He holds Will in turn, hands sliding beneath the back of his sweat-

soaked shirt. They are both damp, sticky, and feverish, and Hannibal does not remember ever enjoying being so disheveled.

Chapter 3

Chapter Summary

Will freezes. His breathing is labored, close to hyperventilating, his cock juts against the front of his trousers. The anger behind his growl is like a blade against Hannibal's skin. Their mutual arousal is evident, thick in the air between them.

Will Graham is going to mate him.

Chapter Notes

life has been crazy busy, hence the delay

thank you for reading!!!

Hannibal stands by the phone and dials out, Will plastered to his side. The alpha has his face in Hannibal's neck and arm around his waist, erection pressing against his leg, though now it's less urgent. Will seems content to grind on and lick Hannibal as if, with slow persistence, their skin can meld to one.

"Hannibal?" Alana answers, voice laden with concern.

"Yes, I'm alright," Hannibal says calmly, and hears her sigh of relief.

"What's happened? How is Will?"

Will purrs in his other ear, and Hannibal gives him an affectionate pet through his hair. He's sure that if Will had a tail it would be wagging. "Will has calmed down enough that I have removed the restraints and muzzle," he relays to Alana.

"Really?"

"Yes. We think it's best to move to my home for the remainder of his recovery."

"That's great to hear. Can I speak with him?"

"He's not currently verbal," Hannibal says. Will whines in the back of his throat, a note of shame, and Hannibal hushes him with a kiss to his temple.

There's a moment of quiet on the other line. "He's non-verbal."

Hannibal doesn't enjoy repeating himself. "Yes."

"I'd like to see him."

"Will," Hannibal says, nudging his head back so he can see his face, flushed and spotted with drying spit and come. "Would you like to see Alana before we go home?"

Emotions move flicker-quick across Will's face. He bites his lip, torn perhaps by loyalty and embarrassment. He cares for Alana, and is protective of her. But does he consider her pack? Hannibal decides in that instance that if Will does, it is unacceptable.

"That would be acceptable," Hannibal says mildly into the phone, and Will gives him a curious look. "Although, would you please bring us a towel or some sanitary wipes?"

"Oh, yes, of course."

"And also, for our departure, it's imperative that there be no other alphas in our path."

"I can arrange for a beta to drive you home."

"Thank you very much Alana," Hannibal says, and hangs up the phone.

In the fifteen minutes they have to wait, Will pins Hannibal against the wall, grinding into his hip. Hannibal conjugates Latin in his mind to keep his arousal down, not wanting to overly excite Will with his erection and slick. It is a bit of a challenge, with Will moaning his name so sweetly.

"We're going home soon, my dear," Hannibal tells him, teasing out the tangles in his hair. His scent comes off strong from his scalp, and Hannibal finds it deeply relaxing. Hannibal licks his thumb and cleans some of the dried spittle and slick from Will's chin. "Can you remain calm for me, until we get home?" Hannibal asks.

Will bites his lip. Unsure, he nods.

There's a knock on the door and Will snaps to attention, a tiny growl in the back of his throat. Will pulls Hannibal back to the far corner, where Will can better protect him. "It's only Alana," Hannibal tells him, holding him to his side.

There's another knock on the door. "Come in," Hannibal calls, ignoring the rumblings of dissent coming from Will's chest.

Alana enters and finds them plastered to each other and the wall, her eyes wide and evaluative. She doesn't try to approach directly and gives a smile, voice soft as she says, "Hello Will, Hannibal. I've brought a few things for you."

Alana is smart, and uses every tool available to her to appear non-threatening, even keeping her eyes lowered, which is not common for her. She sets down the stack of towels and wipes on the floor and takes a few steps back. "Will, I want to clean us up some before we leave,"

Hannibal tells him. Will is very still, looking at Alana, his nostrils flaring as he takes in her foreign scent. He growls faintly, poised ready to defend Hannibal.

Keeping an arm around Will, Hannibal maneuvers them to the toiletries, mindful of Will's reactions to Alana. Will is being slightly difficult, dragging his feet against their approach. Pressed together, Hannibal is also shielding Will's modesty—Alana knows that ruts involve persistent erections, but it's another thing to see it. Finally they reach the supplies Alana has left on the floor, a mere five feet of distance between them, and Will's fingers are digging in to Hannibal's arm and hip.

"It's alright," Hannibal says, rubbing their heads gently together and exposing his neck to Will's nose. Will still glares daggers at Alana, but his body relaxes and the rumbling sounds turn into a hum.

Before Hannibal can bend down to pick up the towels, Will crouches swiftly and does it for him.

"I'm glad to see you're feeling better, Will," Alana says gently, though Hannibal knows she is evaluating the situation shrewdly.

Will stands, half blocking Hannibal from her, and stares her down. She holds her palms up. "I'm not here to get in your way, I'm just glad to see that everyone is safe."

Will growls faintly. "Be nice, Will," Hannibal chides him, and when Will looks at him his face immediately softens, more a puppy than a wild dog. There's not much intimidation Will can do when Hannibal starts cleaning his face with the sanitary wipes.

It's a good sign that Will isn't aggressive in her presence, for his rut that is. He stares at Alana silently for a few moments as Hannibal cleans his jaw, and then, deciding that she isn't a threat after all, Will ignores her. He puts his face in Hannibal's neck and breathes deeply, generally getting in the way and looking put-out when Hannibal starts wiping down his own face with the towel. Will frowns, and leans in to lick Hannibal's cheek, reinstating his biological presence on Hannibal's skin.

There's not much to be done about the state of their clothes. Hannibal's pants are soaked, but the fabric is dark enough that it's somewhat inconspicuous. Will on the other hand, is obviously sticky and damp on the front. He can carry Hannibal's suit jacket on the way out.

"Thank you for bringing this, Alana," Hannibal says. "I keep spare clothes in my car and office; and the one instance I truly need them of course they're not available."

"You're welcome," Alana says, cautious. "He's still in rut, Hannibal."

Will's attention snaps back to her and he growls, the sudden change startling her. "Yes," Hannibal admits, "He is also not hard of hearing."

"But he's not verbal, either," Alana counters.

Will's growl sounds more annoyed, at that. He slides behind Hannibal and tucks his chin over his shoulder, nuzzling his neck and no doubt glaring at Alana. His hands slid protectively around Hannibal's middle, and he can feel his erection pressing into him.

"He understands language and is aware of what is happening," Hannibal tells her. "I assure you, we're perfectly fine to move locations."

"A trauma induced rut is an unstable state," she says. "What if something sets him off while you're alone?"

Will's hands clutch Hannibal tighter, and he growls loud. Hannibal loves that sound—he can feel it move through his whole body, deep in his bones, aligning him to Will. "I'll be fine, Alana," Hannibal reassured her. "Will won't hurt me."

During the long ride back to Hannibal's home, he reevaluates whether that statement is true.

The car quickly fills with the scent of Will's rut, which triggers Hannibal's own pheromonal response. The beta driver is willfully ignoring it, AC blasted high, but Hannibal can see his discomfort. The mingled scents and inability to pin Hannibal have agitated Will—legs spread wide, Hannibal's suit jacket covering his painful erection, Will pants heavily and looks at Hannibal like he wants to tear him in two. Hannibal does his best to soothe him, petting his hair and letting Will nuzzle and lick his neck. But Will's patience is growing very thin.

Hannibal feels Will's hand on his thigh, snaking upward, and pushes it away. Will snarls quietly against his neck and grazes his teeth in warning. Hannibal freezes up, and Will takes the opportunity to slide his hand over Hannibal's groin. The driver hasn't seemed to notice, though no doubt he will if Will continues. It's hard for Hannibal to care, with his cock filling against Will's hand and Will purring in his ear.

"Will, wait just a little longer," Hannibal tells him, setting his hand on his wrist to gently pull him away again. But then Will presses his fingers behind Hannibal's balls and warmth shoots through his body. Hannibal manages not to moan out loud, but his legs spread and the hand on Will's wrist is now pushing him closer to that sweet spot between Hannibal's legs.

Will is going to mount him.

Not here, in the back of the car, though Will gets worked up and nearly tries, fumbling with the buckles of their seatbelts and pushing Hannibal; and Hannibal has to growl and bear his teeth to get him to back down. Their teeth are out, predator eyes glaring, violence thrumming between them. Will backs down, for now, because they're not alone—and Hannibal thinks that if he ever did take a mate, he would demand this level of self-control.

Will is going to mount him.

The only question is how Hannibal will let it happen.

The driver has the audacity to ask Hannibal if he's sure everything is alright when he pulls up to their destination, the stink of their courtship filling his inferior beta nose, and it takes more effort than Hannibal wants to admit to give him a collected response. The man doesn't have a card but Hannibal gets his name—he doesn't want someone who witnessed these intimate moments with Will walking around the world for very long.

Hannibal walks the few steps to his front door, and Will is just behind him, not touching and completely silent. The weight of the alpha's gaze, behind him where he is vulnerable, sets Hannibal's hairs on end. His heartbeat is actually slightly elevated. Will is going to mate him. As Hannibal slides the lock home, he knows that he cannot turn and look Will in the eyes, for he might fall to his knees at the sight of him.

And then he really would have to kill Will Graham.

Hannibal enters and Will stalks behind him, sticking to his back when Hannibal turns to lock the door behind him. He can hear Will breathe, heavy and hot. Hannibal puts the keys in the bowl, and then Will slams him up against the door. For one aching moment, the hot brand of Will's cock is pressed against him, and then Hannibal's instincts rear their heads and roar.

He kicks Will's legs and throws an elbow with all his might, the combination getting Will off balance enough for Hannibal to try and take him down. He grabs Will's hair, puts his leg between Will's, and pulls him to the floor. Will snaps at his wrist with a growl, traps Hannibal's leg between his thighs, and grabs for him. Hannibal punches Will in the solar plexus, and all the air leaves him in a wheeze.

He gets Will onto his stomach but can't get his arms into a pin. Will twists with Hannibal's momentum, each trying to pin the other. Snarling. Teeth snapping. Will jabs Hannibal in the wound on his leg, and his vision goes white with pain. Hannibal lashes out. Will's nose is bleeding. Hannibal is achingly hard and slick.

He escapes from their futile grappling and dashes towards the dining room, Will hot on his heels. Chasing him. Hannibal could moan. He gets to one end of the table and spins to face Will, who is a beautiful mess of sweat, blood, and instincts. The dark color of his blood oozes over his sneer, contrasting lovely with the white of his fangs. And his eyes—slivers of blue like ice, cutting Hannibal.

Something catches Will's attention, and his head perks up, nostrils flaring. He scans the room quickly, and then he looks furious at Hannibal. "Here," Will growls, lips pulled back over teeth. He stalks forward, growling steadily. "He. Was. Here."

Ah.

Will smells that Tobias has been in this room. No—Hannibal cannot smell any lingering odor from the other alpha. Will remembers scenting him here when he came in upset over his kiss with Alana. How quickly things have changed.

Hannibal keeps the table between them, poised to run or fight. "Yes," he says, Will's eyes almost slits upon him. "Tobias came here to court me."

Will freezes. His breathing is labored, close to hyperventilating, his cock juts against the front of his trousers. The anger behind his growl is like a blade against Hannibal's skin. Their mutual arousal is evident, thick in the air between them. Will Graham is going to mate him. Will stalks forward; Hannibal rotates to keep the table between them. He faints one way, then the other, and Will is snarling at him open-mouthed, taking in the full stink of their chase. Hannibal wants those bloody teeth in his neck.

Will leaps over the table and Hannibal dashes to the kitchen. He's contemplating the knives and how easy it would be to sell self-defense when Will tackles him against the island and sets his teeth to the back of Hannibal's neck.

Hannibal freezes, just for a moment. He can feel Will's teeth digging slowly into his skin, not yet breaking through. He feels hot all over, and so wet as to be indecent, dripping down his thighs. Will has caught him. He has Hannibal, and when he growls once more for Hannibal to yield, he does so with a soft whine.

"Yes, Will," Hannibal says softly, arching his back in invitation. "I need you."

It's an appeasement. Will might truly tear out Hannibal's throat if he refuses him at this point, incensed and possessive beyond reason. But it's an appeasement Hannibal enjoys—he does want, so fiercely it may suffocate him.

Will releases his neck and licks over the indentation fondly, then nuzzles Hannibal's ear. "Hannibal," he purrs, grinding his erection into his ass. Hannibal can feel just how hard and hung Will is as though there are no clothes between them. Will kisses and sucks at Hannibal's neck, hands stroking all over his chest and belly, and then he undoes Hannibal's pants and yanks them to his thighs.

"In the kitchen, Will?" Hannibal asks, a touch breathless. He's still wearing his waistcoat and suit jacket, ass out in the cold air. Will simply purrs in response. He places one hand on the back of Hannibal's neck, squeezing just right to make him relax, and with the other he swirls his fingers over Hannibal's wet entrance. The sensation sparks all up his spine, and Hannibal's mouth falls open. His skin is too tight, buzzing like the static charged sky before lightning strikes; he *needs* ; it's been years since Hannibal let anyone penetrate him, but when Will pushes in with two fingers Hannibal's body swallows him in.

Hannibal stretches on the counter, held secure by the neck, and he can't help but moan as Will pumps his fingers in and out. His calloused hands, deadly, precise, scissoring him open with a purpose. The heat of Will's scent wraps around Hannibal and each inhale drowns him in it. He clenches down on Will's fingers and they both groan.

Will withdraws his fingers with a wet sound and Hannibal hears him undo his belt and pants. " *Oui, baise-moi* ," Hannibal lets slip against the cool counter, his whole body hot and aching like a fever. Like a heat.

"Hannibal," Will moans, and lines up the head of his cock. Hannibal can feel the shape of Will's glans against the stretched, wet skin of his hole, thick enough that there's some resistance when he starts pressing in. "Mine," Will growls. Those are the only two words he can say—the only words in his reality. Hannibal relaxes and Will starts sliding in with a

broken sound. Claiming Hannibal. There's no burning, his body is wet and ready from hours of foreplay. Will's fat cock pumps halfway in and out a few times until Hannibal relaxes more—then Will slams in to the hilt. Hannibal sees stars.

Will starts fucking him at a brutal pace, both hands grabbing Hannibal's shoulders so he can pull him back on each oncoming thrust. All Hannibal can do is take it. The heat and pressure in his ass builds alarmingly quickly, his skin wet where Will slaps against him, loud in the kitchen, mingled with Will's grunting and the sounds his cock forces from Hannibal. The way Will fills him so perfectly, he can't miss Hannibal's prostate, and he feels his orgasm approaching.

"Ah—ah—hhah," Hannibal cries softly with each deep thrust, braced on his elbows on the counter. Every time Will pounds into him, Hannibal's cock brushes the cabinets and Will's scrotum slaps his perineum. He can't think, can't focus beyond the hot, quick drag of Will's cock inside him and the maddening heat making him tremble all over.

It builds and builds and builds. Hannibal comes with a shout and his vision goes white. Will doesn't stop, but drapes himself on Hannibal's back and grinds deep into him. Will makes a pained noise and his hand is back on Hannibal's neck. Hannibal smells blood, but has no idea where it comes from, dazed by his orgasm and the continued stimulation. Will starts pumping his hips again, muffled moans just behind Hannibal's ear, and Hannibal feels like a raw nerve but he doesn't want Will to stop.

Will doesn't stop.

Will bites on the collar of Hannibal's suit and starts yanking in it. Thankfully Hannibal had the presence of mind to remove his tie and loosen his collar long ago, or he might be choked. Hannibal hears fabric tear, and then Will's hands are at the suit jacket, tearing it down the back seam. Hannibal can't process that Will has managed to tear open his bespoke suit, not the heaviest fabric on this one, but *still* —when Will yanks and bites and tears the rest of his clothes to tatters.

Cool air hits his partially exposed back. Will gropes his dorsal muscles and picks up his relentless pace again. It feels like Will is pulling the slick out of him. He grabs Hannibal's hips next, and sets his teeth to the thick flesh of his back. "Ahh! Will, Will," Hannibal cries out when Will bites him hard. The pain makes him writhe—it's not more than he can stand by a long shot, but he doesn't want Will getting ideas. Hannibal reaches back and grabs Will's hair, yanking him hard, and they growl at each other over Hannibal's shoulder.

Will looks as wrecked as Hannibal feels. His eyes are damp and desperate, blood drying from his nose and fresh blood on his teeth and lips. Will yields, closing his eyes and whimpering, and his hips slow to a gentle roll, though it seems to take a lot of concentration. "No biting," Hannibal says, holding onto Will's hair for a moment longer.

Will nods, and lets out a small sob. Hannibal noticed his left hand on his hip, bloody. Will bit his own hand, to keep from biting his neck.

Hannibal notes that the reaction time of his thoughts has slowed. He can't identify the expansive feeling in his chest that the blood and bites have sparked. He doesn't have time to

before the pleasure and sensation and desperate need of his body take over.

Will keeps slamming into Hannibal on the counter, nearly howling, long enough that Hannibal actually starts getting erect again. When it becomes too sensitive all Hannibal can do is clench down on Will's cock to try and make him come faster. "Please come. Please come in me, Will," he begs, or tries to, words jarred by the jolts to his body.

"Nnn—" Will groans, pained, above him. His thrusts lose rhythm. Hannibal clenches down as hard as he can, and then he feels it, stretching his rim further, Will's thrusts shorter now as Hannibal bumps against the forming knot. Hannibal grits his teeth and relaxes with a long, loud moan; Will pulls him back by his hips as he thrusts hard; and they both gasp as Will's knot pops inside Hannibal's body.

Will feels enormous, inside of Hannibal, grinding his knot on the inside of his rim. Waves of sensation rush over Hannibal, a dry orgasm he can feel reaching to every finger and toe. Will pulses and spills inside of him with a beautiful, choked sound.

Sweat and skin and the ripples of sensation. Hannibal's mind is quiet for once. All he knows, all he needs, is the weight of Will on his back and his recovering breath. His Will.

When their legs start to give out and Will's knot is still inflated, Will guides them carefully to the ground. Hannibal sits on his lap and his knot, leaning against the cabinets of the island with Will wrapped all around him. Predictably, Will starts cleaning away Hannibal's sweat with his tongue. After long minutes, the licks turn into kisses, reverent across his shoulders, neck, and head. Hannibal's injured leg camps terribly, but he doesn't want to move and can't anyway.

"Hannibal." Will's voice is pained. Hannibal pets his thigh in reassurance. He feels less full as Will's knot deflates, and tenderly Will slips out of him.

There is still not a name for the emotion plaguing Hannibal's chest, and he's uncomfortable with it. Wil guides him to lay on his back and crawls over him, worry clear as day on his face. "I'm alright," Hannibal says, touching Will's cheek. But he feels raw.

"I'm sorry," Will says, a tremor in his voice. He presses into Hannibal's palm. "Hannibal, Hannibal. I'm so sorry."

"I'm not," Hannibal says, running his hand through Will's hair. "Only perhaps that we didn't make it to the bed."

Will chuckles, and his rare smile is a panacea to all the aches and strains in his body. Hannibal pulls him down by the hair and kisses him, and Will's gentle hunger is something more. It makes Hannibal feel like he's laying on fur instead of cold tile. Will's jaw trembles as he kisses Hannibal, but he doesn't stop.

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